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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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What is Money?

The value of a commodity limits its quantity. Any thing which can be obtained in a limited quantity, with a certain ascertainable amount of labor, and which is divisible, will serve the purpose of money. Furs have been employed in some countries as money, cattle in others—as in the "Hind," in the estimation of the respective value of the shields of Diomedes and Glauco, the one worth nine oxen, the other a hundred oxen—bricks of tea in Tartary, cowries in Africa, rock salt in Abyssinia. Other African tribes calculate in *nautes*, a money of the mind, which has no substance corresponding to it, but the value contained in which has been sufficiently ingrained in their minds to answer the purpose of a measure of value. Bullion is chosen because it complies with these two conditions, difficulty of acquisition and divisibility, better than any known substance. Is it not strange that we should turn this servant into our master and elevate that which is a mere medium for avoiding the inconveniences of barter into an indispensable necessary of life, hardly secondary to food and clothing? If by some convulsion of nature the precious metals, gold and silver, were utterly destroyed, the world would be impoverished by the loss of a commodity on the discovery and manufacture of which much labor and time has been expended, but the only result would be that we should have recourse to some other contrivance. The main business of life would go on as before, and the only difference would probably be that we should be obliged to have recourse to a paper currency, based on whatever might be found, after careful consideration, to be the most convenient or least inconvenient standard value. The question would be, as it is now, a question of remedying the inconvenience of barter by providing some means of fixing prices. That would be all.

The Baptists have always been unhappy about the word "baptism." When the best scholars who could be found on two continents and the British Islands retained in the new version of the word "baptize," instead of changing it to "immerse," there was a prolonged denominational convulsion and a free use of adjectives that savored of the obnoxious. Now, however, the evil is to be rectified, and the Baptists are to have a Bible of their own—a sort of sectarian Bible—unlike any other Bible that was ever written, and in some respects unlike the one written by the Apostles; and whether it is to be a Christian Bible or not it is certainly to be a Baptist Bible, for the word "baptize" is to be "evicted" and "immerse" is to have its place whether it belongs there or not. The Baptists were in their prime about the time of the flood, and since then they have had too little water. While the world is groaning under all sorts of deviltry that ought to be suppressed, while drunkenness runs riot through the land, it really does seem to some of us that the most important thing to be considered is not the amount of water to be used when one becomes a Christian. Infidels make a strong point when they say that we fight harder over a word than we do to save a soul. Common sense tells us plainly enough that if you can make men a little better than half decent it doesn't make any difference whether you use a tubful of water or the Atlantic ocean.

The mystery of Zoe Watkins's disappearance at St. Louis has been partially dispelled by the discovery of her body in the river, but the manner of her death remains unexplained. No occurrence for years has caused so much talk in that city. Zoe was the daughter of a wealthy man in Denver, aged 16, and a particularly light-haired, intelligent, innocent girl. She and a sister were visiting St. Louis friends. After writing several letters home, telling how well she was enjoying the trip, and what she expected to do at a party that evening, she went out to post them in a lamp-post box only two blocks away. Nobody has been found who saw her afterward alive. The search was continued for twelve days. Then her body was found in the water, where it had not been more than nine days. She had died from drowning. There was no disorder about her clothing, even her hands being neatly gloved, the money which had been in her pocketbook was still there, and some jewelry remained untouched. Where she spent the three days between her disappearance and death can only be conjectured. Her father believes that she was abducted, and that the guilty person or persons, frightened by the hue and cry, murdered her to conceal the crime.

The importation of potatoes did not pay as well as was expected. The foreign goods were mostly of a soggy, deep-eyed sort, that answered very well to talk about and barrel up to ship abroad the country. The last cargoes resulted in a loss which made the whole business unprofitable, except for commercial exercise.

A Colossal Lie.

"You do not doubt me, Myrtle?" "Never!" exclaimed the girl, putting on her invisible net as she spoke and placing her hand on the bottle where she would be sure to see it in the morning.

The sun had glared down fiercely all day upon the parched earth, and now that night had come the heat was even more oppressive than ever, because the cool wind that had been waited for from the lake during the day had died away. It was a dreary, senseless, one-gauge-undershirt-and-no-vent evening, such as one often notices while traveling in Palestine.

"You have great faith in me, have you not, little one?" Vivian McCarthy said, taking the girl's off hand in his.

"Yes," replied Myrtle, "I believe in you with a childlike faith akin to that which enables a boy to bite a pie in the dark, and I love you with a deep tenderness and fair loyalty that can never die."

"And would you believe any thing I told you?" Vivian murmured, kissing the dimpled hand that lay in his.

Looking at him with her starry eyes, in which there gleamed a holy light, the girl replied, slowly and with infinite pathos: "I would believe you every word, no matter what you told me."

"Then," said Vivian, while a hateful light shone from his near eye, "there is no ice-cream in Chicago."

For an instant, dazed by the shock, Myrtle did not speak. But presently the voice of her heart found echo in words.

"I can never leave you now," she whispered. "There cannot be another such a lie in all the wide world."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Pawning Human Flesh.

According to a writer in the *Lagos Times*, of February 22d, a human pawn system exists in that colony. It appears that many persons whose necessities compel them to borrow money are in the habit of pawning their children or rather relatives to the money-lenders of the colony, who, instead of being paid interest in the usual manner, are able to use these unfortunate creatures as slaves until the loan is refunded, which may not be for a series of years. The inhabitant of Lagos who makes this statement says: "The pawn receives not a fraction of payment for his toil. Should he die before payment of the loan is made, or should he desert his master, a substitute is to be provided. This wicked slavery is practiced under the eye of the British law, and sometimes by persons calling themselves Christians." The same writer states that there are British subjects residing in Lagos who serve on juries and perform all duties of citizenship, but who yet are among the largest owners of slaves in the neighboring territories, and he says that "instances have been known of these resident British subjects converting their slaves themselves, or through their agents, into money to meet their liabilities."

The greatest river in the world is the Amazon. It rises in the Peruvian Andes, about sixty miles from the Pacific Ocean, and flows, including its windings, a distance of 4,000 miles to the Atlantic, which it enters under the equator at Brazil. The average velocity of the current is three miles an hour. It is navigable for large ships 2,200 miles from its mouth. The area drained by the Amazon and its tributaries is estimated at 2,000,000 square miles. The Amazon enters the sea through an estuary about one hundred and fifty miles wide. So great are the volume and impetus of the river that its fresh water is carried unmixed into the sea about two hundred miles. If the Missouri and the lower Mississippi were considered one river, as many geographers claim they should be, it would exceed the length of the Amazon by about three hundred miles. The length of the Mississippi from Itasca Lake to the Gulf of Mexico is estimated at 3,160 miles.

BEFORE AND AFTER ELECTION.—When a canvass is in progress the candidate for Congressional honors cannot do enough to show his love for the farmer, but when firmly seated it is the professional politician and not the horny-handed sons of toil who receive recognition and favors at his hands. Before election he caters to the farmer, pats his children, praises his industry, and makes fulsome promises in regard to what he will do in the interest of agriculture, but these promises are usually very transitory and absolutely meaningless. This fact was illustrated in Congress when the bill appropriating \$335,500 for the Department of Agriculture was put upon passage. The roll-call showed 101 members absent from their seats.—[Chicago Tribune.]

The Democratic party must purge itself of incompetent leaders. It must put itself in a position to act upon the aggressive instead of the defensive. It must not be required to waste its energies in defending an unworthy man when those energies should be directed to discussing the great principles which underlie our form of government, and of which the Democratic party has always been the steadfast upholder.—[Flemingsburg Times.]

A hermaphrodite negro who formerly lived in Hartford dressed in female attire, then known as Kate Con, is now in this city wearing men's clothes and going under the name of John Con, and is an object of curiosity among the colored people.—[Osnabrook Messenger.]

The Newspaper as an Educator.

The newspaper—the universal literature of our people—is itself becoming a literature of knowledge and art. No man could read habitually even one of our chief newspapers without an immense opening of his horizon of thought, a great quickening of his intellect, and a substantial relation with the thought and feeling of the whole world. The difference between a man who can read well enough to enjoy his newspaper and one who can not is hardly to be estimated. I suppose our newspaper education is the most influential of all in this country. But it depends for its existence and its improvement on the preparation for its use and enjoyment made in our common schools. It rises in tone, spreads in intellectual breadth, and increases in moral purity as the reading class becomes more numerous and varied. It is a great mistake to speak lightly of newspapers. The press, I think, has a somewhat romantic and exaggerated idea of its supremacy in creating or leading public opinion, but in its general educating influence, its stimulus for thought, it has a certain tendency to create a taste for better reading than it can itself supply. I do not believe it is easy to overrate its national importance.—[Rev. Dr. H. W. Hallowell.]

Typographical Errors.

Frequently occur in the best conducted journals. The change of one letter often alters the meaning of a word or sentence, and most serious perversions of the expressions of a writer are liable to result from hasty proof-reading or the carelessness of compositors. Not long ago a law that passed both Houses of Congress was put in type at the Government Printing Office, and after a time it was discovered that a misplaced comma entirely changed the intent of the law, and further Congressional action was necessary in order to relieve it of the improper punctuation and give it the force and latitude intended. A serious error of this nature has been discovered in the publication of a law passed by the last legislature of Michigan. The prosecuting Attorney of Ingham county recently brought an action against a saloon keeper for selling liquor to minors. At the trial of the case, the counsel for the defense put in a plea that the act under which the action was brought could not be applied to the case in question. Upon investigation it was discovered that the act as it read applies to miners, and not to minors.

The relative cost in wear and tear of gold coin as compared with bank notes has lately been investigated in England, and the advantage has been found to be largely with the coin. To manufacture a million of sovereigns cost \$10,000, or about a cent apiece. In fifteen years they lose one half of one per cent., or about \$25,000, and become too light for further use. This makes their total expense as currency for the fifteen years \$35,000. The paper and printing of a million one-pound notes would cost, it is estimated, four cents apiece, or \$40,000 at the outset, and during fifteen years they would have to be replaced at least three times, or, with active use, six times, thus requiring an outlay of certainly \$180,000, and perhaps \$280,000, for the same period that a million sovereigns would remain in circulation.

Mrs. GARFIELD'S WEALTH.—A Clevelandian says: Mrs. Garfield has \$300,000 in Government bonds, the result of the subscription. Then her husband's life was insured for \$50,000, which she promptly received. She also was paid the salary of the President for the unoccupied first year, amounting to about \$50,000. That makes \$400,000 does it not? Very well. Then add to it about \$30,000, the total value of Garfield's estate. That was the total amount, after all the abuse that was received, that he was able to accumulate in a life of fifty years. I suppose that the income from this total of more than \$400,000 will be perhaps \$15,000 a year. So she is comfortable, and can raise her children well; but the loss of Garfield was a blow that will leave its scar as long as she lives.

No, daughter, you shall not cut off your fore hair to have it hang about your eyes like the foretop of a Shetland pony. Your mother and I are the only persons that know you are a fool, and we have too much pride to allow you to advertise it to the world. No, no, you must wear your hair combed back so that people can see that you have a forehead, and they might think that you have some brains behind it. Comb your hair back, my young ladies, and do not giggle in company, and people may think well of you.

The ensilage experiments made at Atlanta have proven a grand success, a fact that will give great universal satisfaction. One of the silos was opened Monday and the twenty-five tons of green vegetable matter put in eight months ago was found to be perfectly preserved. To farmers this new plan for the preservation of forage that otherwise would go to waste is especially valuable.

A New York actress, who plays "Olivette," kicks one of her dainty slippers into the audience every night, and the bald-headed array pick it up, carry it to a neighboring bar-room and quaff champagne from it. She ought to be considered enough to see that her hose is of recent date.

Sunday Afternoon.

After the Sunday dinner, what? Well, it depends. A person whose brain is wearied with intellectual work during the week, or whose nervous system is exposed to the strain of business or professional life, ought to sleep, within an hour or two of his Sunday dinner, if he can. It is surprising how much like a seven day clock the brain will work, if the habit of a Sunday nap be once formed. Nature will take advantage of it as regularly and gracefully as she does of the nightly sleep, and do her best to make up lost time. People on the other hand whose week of toil is chiefly physically, may well give their minds activity while their bodies are resting. Two sermons and three or four hours of solid reading are the real rest to some on Sunday, while to others such a course amounts to as positive Sabbath breaking. Sunday is a day of rest, not of work, religious or otherwise. It is a day for repose, not for exhaustion. But what the dogmatists on one side and the illiberal on the other are apt to overlook, is the fact that all men do not rest alike any more than they labor alike, and what may help to save one may aid in killing another.

Delays in Capital Cases.

That a check to criminal passions and appetites which falls short of the death penalty is inadequate as a preventive history proves, we think, conclusively. But if the terrors of the scaffold are to exert their proper influence the criminal must feel that retribution for murder falls quickly and surely upon the murderer. As the matters now go the deed for which a murderer is hanged is forgotten by the time that he ascends the scaffold, and the average criminal knows merely that a man's life has been taken by the State and that the punishment was probably imposed for the crime of murder. The foul deed for which Leighton suffered this morning was committed very nearly two years ago. To make the influence of the execution properly deterrent he should have been hanged a year and a half ago. The interval wasted the entire efficacy of the execution, and the law's delays are responsible for this comparatively useless, taking of life.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A PRETTY SENTIMENT.—Nothing on earth can smile but the face of man. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and a mirth flash? Flowers cannot smile; this is a charm which even they cannot claim. The birds cannot smile, nor can any living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bed that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night; and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and is more bewitching than either.

AN ESSAY.—Johnnie's essay on a monkey: A monkey is a blame funny insek—he begins lookin' like people, but he runs his finger en' too far out to remind you of his bein' twins. You can't tell how many feet he has, cause he haint made up his mind yet whether his front feet is hands or feet, an' he uses 'em both waze. When he smiles his feechers work hard enuff to pan out somethin' ginowine, but the real flavor don't seem to be fetched out. Monkeys hang on a tree just like a grapevine, but there's more meat on 'em. Monkeys don't dress enuff to suit mos' folks, an' besides their close is made of such thin stuff that wares off when the sit down.—[Exchange.]

The *Cynthiana News*, in a mention of the murder of Peter Benner, adds: "In this city a fatality seems to be hanging over the men who have been selling liquor by the small. On Pike street, one is killed in a difficulty; another falls unwittingly from a window while asleep, and dies from his injuries. A man and his wife, both young and in seeming good health, die quite suddenly—and now, a fifth is murdered mysteriously in his own bed while asleep, and for all that is known to the public, without cause or provocation."

Hon. J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky President of the Louisville Water-power and Canal Company, and Colonel S. Taylor, of Maryland, Vice-President of the same Company, returned a few days ago from an extended trip to New England, where they have been investigating water powers. A recent charter granted the above Company the right to build a canal through the city of Louisville, and to use the water of the Ohio River for navigation and water power. It is claimed that the fall of water around the falls at Louisville is some thirty feet, and that the supply is continuous and inexhaustible. The power is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand horse power.—[Washington Telegram.]

Flattering frauds are acknowledgements of the great worth and superior merit of the genuine medicine; but they are very dangerous and unprofitable to the consumer and demoralizing to the dealer. When anything else is recommended as the same, or just as good, remember it is to make you pay full price for a worthless article that cost the dealer one quarter the price of J. H. Zettin & Co.'s scientifically and carefully prepared Simmons Liver Regulator—a medicine for the liver generally conceded to have no equal.

According to the Congressional Annual Church Book, just issued, that denomination has 3,804 churches, 3,713 ministers, and 381,697 members. The gain last year over deaths and dismissions was 5,368. Total contributions reported \$1,227,108 24.

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